

THE DAILY MIRROR, Friday, January 7, 1916.

# GREAT DISPATCH ON SUVLA BAY DISASTER

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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ON THE ROAD TO EXILE: KING PETER RIDES ON AN OX-DRAWN AMMUNITION WAGON DURING THE RETREAT.

P. 470.

ORIG RET'



Though it was the road to exile, it will surely prove the road to glory, for the aged monarch's courage during the Serbian retreat has won the admiration of the world. Here he is seen near Prizrend among some of his future soldiers, boys of from fifteen

to seventeen, who are as yet without arms. They have come to their brave ruler, whom they hope to welcome back before many months have passed.—(Copyright 1916 by *L'Illustration*, Paris; reproduced by arrangement with the *Illustrated London News*.)

# MR. HENDERSON'S PATRIOTIC AND FIRM REPLY TO "PRO-SHIRKERS"

## BOYS REPLACED BY FLAPPERS."

Success of Girls in Many New Occupations.

### POLITE AND DILIGENT.

The scarcity of boys needing work and the independence of those who are available for employment is leading to the increasing employment of girls in occupations usually reserved for their brothers.

The employment of girls as messengers is, of course, no novelty now. They are familiar everywhere in the City.

Reuter's Agency have for some time past employed a corps of smartly-uniformed messenger girls and the District Messenger Company has engaged more than 150 girls over school age.

"We are well satisfied with these girls," the manager of the District Messenger Company told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"They are intelligent, very polite, and compare favourably with the boy messengers."

The office-girl is replacing the office-boy, too.

"She is not nearly so independent as the boy of fifteen, and is willing to work for 10s. or 12s.

P. 2293



Mr. J. D. Gilbert, L.C.C., the Liberal candidate for West Newtoning, has started to canvass his constituents.

a week, whereas now a boy would not hesitate to ask for 20s. a week," said the manager of a large City office.

"It is a fact," he added, "that more often than not the office-girl is far more intelligent than the boy of the same age."

Smiling "flappers," from fourteen to sixteen, are replacing boys who are leaving "for better posts in munition factories" and are proving a great success.

Indeed, business at many stalls is said to have increased by leaps and bounds since the introduction of the conquering bookstall girl.

There are ticket collectors, girl booking clerks, and at the large West End shops now employ lift girls.

The newsgirl has also made her appearance in Trafalgar-square and in main thoroughfares of many suburban districts.

The newest comer is the vanguard: *The Daily Mirror* saw her yesterday in Oxford-street—a girl of sixteen sitting high beside the driver of a baker's van.

### CAN WE DO MORE AT SEA?

Question Which Is Answered by Mr. Arnold White in the "Sunday Pictorial."

Are we sacrificing our sea power?

Are we frithering away the weapon which is more overpowering and effective than any with which any other nation at war is equipped?

Is our blockade a whole-hearted blockade? Would not Germany in such case have made far more deadly use of her naval arm?

These are grave questions, but they cannot be suppressed. For everyone is beginning to ask them—demand that they shall be answered, answered quickly, and in the right way.

The whole question is ventilated in the next issue of the *Sunday Pictorial* by Mr. Arnold White, who knows more about sea power than any other living writer—and what he says carries with it an authority that cannot be disputed.

Another remarkable article appearing in the same number comes from Mr. Horatio Bottomley.

It is called "Second Thoughts for 1916," and it shows that second thoughts are not only best, but most inspiring.

Mr. Austin Harrison writes on "The Only Way to Victory," while other features still in course of preparation make this number of the *Sunday Pictorial* look like beating all previous records.

Read "How the Irish Came to Czernowitz," by Ernest Hamilton, on page 7.

Labour Minister Tells Great Trade Union Conference That He Will Refuse to Oppose the Compulsion Bill.

### DELEGATES VOTE AGAINST CONSCRIPTION.

"If the conference decides that the Coalition must be broken, I shall refuse to accept their decision. If they say I must oppose this Bill, I shall refuse to accept their decision."

"Immediately I refuse to accept your decision, I shall apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, and I shall go to Barnard Castle (his constituency) and ask them if they endorse my attitude or not."

He do not mind extending an invitation to those who have talked so glibly of a by-election or a general election and of the purifying of the Labour Party."

These emphatic words were spoken yesterday by Mr. A. Henderson, President of the Board of Education, at the great Labour conference held in London to consider the Compulsion Bill.

The conference was attended by 1,000 delegates, who claimed to represent the views of 3,000,000 workers.

The essence of the resolution submitted by the leaders—men of the Trade Union Congress executive—to the conference was in this passage:

"The conference regards the results of the Derby scheme as not yet ascertained with sufficient accuracy and certainty to warrant so momentous a proposal being passed by Parliament. Delegates nevertheless to leave the Labour members to vote upon it as they individually think fit."

The conference was asked also to recognise that the net results were governed by the Prime Minister's pledge to the married recruits, which in the opinion of the Government had rendered necessary the Military Service Bill.

An amendment in support of compulsion for single men, moved by the brassworkers, was put to a card vote, and resulted as follows:

In favour	541,000
Against	2,121,000

Majority against 1,580,000

An amendment by the National Union of Railmen opposing the Bill and recommending the Labour M.P.s to oppose it in all its stages was put to the card vote and resulted as follows:

For the amendment	1,715,000
Against	934,000

Majority 781,000

The railwaymen's amendment was later put to the meeting as a substantive motion, and was carried, the (card) voting being:

For	1,998,000
Against	783,000

Majority 1,215,000

### MINISTER'S GRAVE SPEECH.

In the course of his speech, Mr. Henderson said:

"I do not mind saying that in my opinion, whilst we have reached a crisis in the history of this nation we have reached a greater crisis in the history of our own movement."

Mr. Henderson declared that he was going to show that he had not sold his soul. (Applause, and a cry: "You have not got one.")

Considerable uproar ensued, and many delegates jumped up to appeal to the chairman to insist upon the withdrawal of this interpolated remark.

Mr. Henderson remained calm. "I quite understand all that," he said. "I have shown my willingness to be an instrument of this movement in doing everything to win this war."

Then came an interval, and during it there are interruptions from men and women who have been interrupting other speakers, who have not raised their little fingers—(loud cheers), who are against the war, and who, I believe, are not prepared to say that they would like to see us win the war."

Reference had been made to the number of men who had been killed in the Balkan campaign.

He was going to take the risk of giving away Cabinet secrets and reply to the statements. Lord Kitchener wanted 30,000 men per week till the spring, in order to bring the present divisions up to strength, and he then wanted

them at the rate of 30,000 per week to the end of the year in order that we might have man for man reserves.

Immediately Labour set up their opinion against the great offensive that had been called by the nation to take the conduct of military operations?

Believing that the men were necessary, he thought that the man must be obtained, and if the pledge had not been given he was fully of opinion that to-day they would have been in the position of having a measure of conscription fully wider and more permanent submitted to the country and to the House of Commons?"

"Is there a man here who wants to win the war—" ("We all do")—and who is prepared to say "I vote for releasing 500,000 married men?" asked Mr. Henderson.

"We have either got to have a measure of compulsion or to release 500,000 men," he added.

### IF AN ELECTION COMES.

Mr. Hodge, as acting chairman of the Labour Party, moved the resolution to allow Labour M.P.s to vote on the Bill as they think fit.

He thought it better that Mr. Asquith should not have given the pledge. But if he had not given it, and the Derby scheme had failed, he would then consider what "you would have been up against."

Suppose the Bill were rejected. What was the alternative? The alternative was a general election.

"I venture to say from my experience of coming in contact with the ranks and file over the whole country that it would be a worse day for labour than that happened."

"You know well as I do that the married men who have enlisted are continually growling and grousing, and that the great majority of fathers of families who have sent their own sons to enlist are irascible because other parents have not done the same."

"If a general election came," Mr. Hodge declared waving a warning finger, "you would be confronted with the issue of conscription, white and non-white."

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., the railwaymen's leader, fulminated against compulsion, and told the delegates that even if they voted for it he would not.

"No one feels more keenly against a general election than I do," he went on.

"But I also know some of the issues that we will have to face, without fear of contradiction; that a general election would be a crime by those who forced it—it is a crime not against labour, but against the men in the trenches."

### YOU CAN ATTEST ON MONDAY.

With reference to the announcement by the Prime Minister in the House of Commons on January 5 that the group system for attestation was to be reopened, it is notified that military recruiting offices will be available for this purpose on and after next Monday.

### SERB ARMY'S AGONY.

Wonderful Photographs of Forced Marches and Bivouacs in Desert.

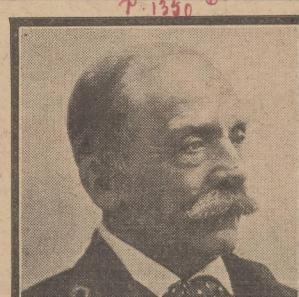
Broken, but by no means beaten, the gallant Serbian army still continues to fight against overwhelming odds.

Some of the difficulties against which that army has had to contend may be gauged, perhaps, by a study of the photographs which are reproduced in *The Daily Mirror* this morning.

The long, forced marches, the wayside halt, the difficulties of constructing a pontoon, the bivouacs in the desert, the work of the stretcher-bearer in conveying wounded soldiers across bridge which is almost a ruin—these are some of the daily incidents of the Balkan campaign.

The photographs, which were taken by a Serb artist accompanying the expedition, constitute a record of unique value and interest.

P. 1350



The two Unionist candidates for St. George's, Hanover-square. They are Mr. T. Gibson Bowles (left) and Sir George Reid.—(Barnett and Vandky).

### MR. GIBSON BOWLES FOR ST. GEORGE'S.

Two Unionist Candidates for Mayfair By-Election.

### SIR G. REID TO STAND.

Will there be two Conservative candidates in the field to contest the parliamentary vacancy at St. George's, Hanover-square, caused by the elevation of Sir Alexander Henderson to the peerage?

Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles has already begun his campaign as a big Navy and free Navy candidate, and yesterday came the news that Sir George Reid, the retiring High Commissioner, had been invited by the local Conservative organisation to be their candidate. Sir George retires from his Australian appointment on January 21.

Mr. Bowles, however, it is understood, will continue in his candidature, the announcement of which three days ago was received with enthusiasm by the St. George's electors.

Mr. Bowles has issued a statement to the Press through the Press. In it he calls attention to the fact that for the past thirty years he has been the staunchest upholder of British naval supremacy, and that he intends to fight this election as an advocate of the use of the British Navy to the utmost limit of its strength in the present war.

Mr. Bowles is a "strong blockade" man, who, relying upon his unrivalled knowledge of naval affairs, maintains that no limits should be placed upon the powers of our Fleet to strangle the Hun. The quickest route to Berlin, he says, can be opened by the British Navy.

This country is deeply indebted to Mr. Gibson Bowles at this moment for his unflinching opposition to the notorious Declaration of London.

### COTTON 'CONTRABAND.'

He was the prime mover and the chief support of the agitation which was raised against that German-made sea law, and but for the fight he led, inconceivable as it may seem, German merchant ships would to-day be carrying on their trade on the high seas almost as freely as those in the days of old.

Since the war Mr. Gibson Bowles has played a leading part in the agitations, many of which have borne fruit, to tighten the grip of our blockade. His strong stand on the making of cotton contraband last summer will be well remembered.

Sir George Reid, who, it seems, is to be Mr. Bowles' opponent, is well known in this country, where he has been High Commissioner since 1910.

He is an ex-Premier of Australia, a genial, breezy, outspoken man, who has well deserved the popularity he has gained in this country. He has had no experience of home politics.

Sir George is a native of Renfrewshire, who went early in life to Australia, where he practised law, and eventually entered the political world. He is seventy-one years old.

Mr. Gibson Bowles' supporters view the entrance of the new candidate without apprehension, feeling that at this time of crisis even so distinguished a man as Sir George will have to give way at the polls to Mr. Bowles, with his unique grip on naval affairs, whose experience and criticism would be of the utmost value to the nation fighting on land and sea for its very existence.

### CLERGY TO FIGHT?

Varying Views on Duty of Ministers to Bear Arms in War Time.

"It would be a great pity if a clergyman who wished to enlist were put in an awkward position," said Canon J. Hasluck Potter, vicar of St. Mark, Surbiton, in discussing the question whether the clergy should enlist as combatants.

Headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops have, for the most part, opposed the enlistment of the clergy as combatants.

*The Daily Mirror* has received a number of messages from representative London clergymen on the subject.

Rev. Canon J. Hasluck Potter (vicar of St. Mark, Surbiton) considers that the decision ought to be left entirely to the individual clergyman.

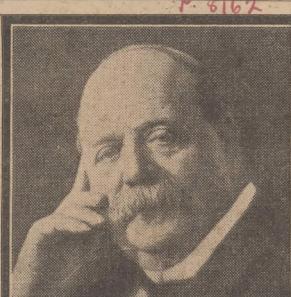
"The Bishops, I think, ought to have a discretionary power with regard to the persons enlisting."

"The Government has the power to 'star' certain individuals because they are engaged upon work necessary to the State, so the Bishops might refuse permission to enlist to those clergy whose parishes could not be adequately worked during their absence."

Rev. C. E. Escreet (Archdeacon of Lewisham) says: "I don't think there is any fundamental Christian reason why the Christian layman and the Christian priest should differ in this."

"At the same time, I put the work of the clergy under the same category as the work to munitions, and I think that on that ground there is very good reason why the clergy should content themselves with keeping up the moral of the people, and not enlist."

P. 8162



# THREE LABOUR MEMBERS RESIGN POSITIONS IN THE GOVERNMENT

**Mr. Henderson, Mr. Brace  
and Mr. Roberts Retire.**

## WAR COUNCIL MEETS.

Germans Report British Shelling  
of Lens, the Key to Lille.

## KEEPING HUNS BUSY.

### TRAGEDY OF SUVLA.

Sir Ian Hamilton's Dardanelles dispatch was published last night. It will be found on pages 4 and 13.

The dispatch is a long one, and its contents are thrilling. The great tales of bravery are, however, overshadowed by the blunders that turned Suvla into disaster.

General "Inertia"; unceasing blundering; too much zeal; insufficient push; confused orders all make a gloomy picture.

Vet the blundering of generals was atoned for by the bravery of the men of Lancashire and Australia, Kent and New Zealand, the Worcesters and the French.

### LABOUR AND COMPUSSION.

It seems to be inevitable that when Labour meets in conference there must be disorder.

Many of the Labour delegates yesterday discussing compulsion spoke very foolishly, and the voting seemed to betray a complete misunderstanding of the situation.

Nevertheless, the day was not wasted. Mr. Henderson made a fine, manly, patriotic speech. He, at any rate, is out to win the war, and he is not afraid of going to his constituents to tell them so.

Mr. Henderson, President of the Board of Education; Mr. Roberts, Junior Lord of the Treasury; and Mr. Brace, Under-Secretary for Home Affairs, resigned their positions in the Government last night.

They represented Labour in the Cabinet and their resignation was inevitable after the decision of the conference.

A report will be found on page 2.

### KEEPING THE HUNS BUSY.

German reports show that on the Western front we are keeping the Huns busy.

There is a significant passage in their communiqué, saying that we are firing on Lens. This is an all-important town, the key to Lille, which must be captured from the Germans.

## K.C. ON MEN WHO ARE GOING TO HELP HUNS.

"Those Who Are Not for Britain in War Time Are Against Her."

In an overflowing House, stirred to its depths, the historic two-days debate on the first reading of the Military Service Bill was resumed last night.

The debate was marked by many speeches of exalted eloquence, and here and there of towering passion.

One of the greatest oratorical triumphs of the night was scored by Mr. Herbert Samuel. His devastating criticism of the arguments and statistics of the anti-compulsions was a masterly performance and sent the House to a pitch of immense enthusiasm.

Two of Mr. Samuel's most appreciative listeners were Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour. It was the finest speech this brilliant young Minister has yet made in Parliament.

### HELPING THE ENEMY.

Mr. Duke, the famous K.C., who resumed the debate, spoke with extraordinary animation.

"I do not understand the attitude of hon. members who threaten to withdraw their support from the Government at such a time as this," he declared.

"Those who are not for us are against us. Either hon. gentlemen are going to help the Government or they are going to help the enemy," he thundered, thumping the box.

"Old Bailey!" jeered Mr. Pringle.

"If the hon. member and his friends are not going to help the enemy, what are they going to do?" demanded the great lawyer.

"They're going to be honest men!" retorted Mr. Pringle.

"Well, honest men sometimes find themselves in strange company," flashed Mr. Duke.

"If the malcontents succeed in the course on which they have embarked they will wreck the Government, and in wrecking the Government we will wreck the Empire." Men cheered vociferously.

He scoffed at Sir John Simon's figures. "They were sophisticated arithmetic." The Prime Minister smiled and members laughed approvingly.

The bearded Mr. William O'Brien burned with eloquent amazement at the hubbub about compulsion.

"Compulsion—compulsion to fight for your lives!" he cried.

"I find it difficult to understand what principle of democracy and liberty is to be sacrificed by requiring 600,000 young Englishmen to do what several millions of their countrymen have done already."

"I am amazed that England in this crisis should stick to a military system which is as obsolete as bows and arrows."

## DRIVEN TO IT BY LOGIC OF COLD FACTS.

Mr. Caradoc Rees, in a maiden speech, declared that the Government should have found out whether the available residue of the 650,000 unattested single men was, or was not, negligible before they introduced the Bill. In the absence of that information he could not vote for the Bill.

Mr. Herbert Samuel, in a brilliant speech, declared that he would be no party to the introduction of compulsion for its own sake or for any supposed benefits that might be derived from it.

He was driven to support the policy of this Bill by the hard, cold logic of facts.

All were agreed that we must put our full strength into the war, and it was also true that we could not put forward all our strength by putting all our men in the trenches. (Cheers.)

### EVERY MAN MUST GO.

But we ought to put into the trenches every man who could be spared. At the present time the Board of Trade had calculated that another 1,000,000 men could be spared. If they could be spared they ought to be sent.

The figure given yesterday by Sir J. Simon would not bear up to the examination.

Criminals and lunatics were not included in the National Register, so that Sir J. Simon's deduction of them from Lord Derby's estimate was wrong.

The House would, however, be making a mistake if they only dealt with the matter in hundreds of thousands. Every attested married man knew that in his own street there were unmarried men who could be spared and who refused to go. (Cheers.)

### FIGHT FOR OUR HOMES.

For every two married men attested there was a single man unattested. They could not ask the married men to go till the unattested men were serving. On the grounds of military necessity he could not understand anyone opposing the Bill.

There were some who said that if this country was really in danger of invasion they would support the Bill. He himself could make no distinction between fighting on our own soil or in France and Flanders.

After all, no matter where the battle was fought, we were fighting for our own homes and the homes of the children of the next generation. (Cheers.)

Colonel John Ward said that from the fact that very large numbers of trade union members were on military service, and from other circumstances the decision of a trades union congress on the question at issue could not carry the same importance now as it did before the war.

Colonel Ward said he would give up our last man and the last farthing of our wealth before he would surrender the position which the country held to a domination which was both brutal and cruel. (Loud cheers.)

The Ministry of Munitions has sent a circular letter to all dealers in platinum requiring them within three days to make a return to the Ministry of the stock of platinum ores, residues or bars in their possession. The sale or purchase of platinum without a permit is prohibited.

## TRENCHES DEMOLISHED BY FRENCH GUNS.

Capture of Patrols and Effective Bombardment in Champagne.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL)

PARIS, Jan. 6.—The official communiqué issued this afternoon says—

In the course of the night there was weak artillery activity.

At the approaches to the Lille road the enemy exploded a mine, but was unable to occupy the crater.

Between the Oise and the Aisne we took under our fire some enemy patrols and workers occupied in repairing the trenches.

In the Champagne the bombardment carried out yesterday by our batteries at various points

### TRAGEDY OF SUVLA.

Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch was issued last night.

Never has a more thrilling military document been issued. It is a wonderful record of heroism wasted by incompetence.

The dispatch will be found on page 4. It should be read by every man and woman.

of the enemy's front was particularly effective west of Maisons de Champagne, where some German trenches were demolished.—Central News.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon as follows—

At various places on the front lively fighting has taken place.

The town of Lens continues to be shelled by the enemy.

North of Le Mesnil an attempted hand grenade attack made by the enemy was easily frustrated.

An attack made by an air squadron on Douai was without success.

Two English aeroplanes were shot down by our airmen, one by Lieutenant Boeke, which is the second aeronome he has put "hors de combat."—Witness P.T.A.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 5.—From Ghent the Echo Belge learns that two Allied airmen yesterday dropped eight bombs on some German military depots west of Roosebeke.—Reuter.

### Premier at War Council

A meeting of the War Committee was held yesterday at 10, Downing-street.

In addition to the Prime Minister there were present Mr. Austen Chamberlain, General Sir William Robertson, Colonel Swinton and Colonel Hankey.

### TURKISH COMMUNIQUE.

### (TURKISH OFFICIAL)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 6.—The Turkish official communiqué says—

On the morning of January 4 there was a fairly heavy artillery duel and bomb throwing in the Dardanelles. The enemy directed his fire principally against our centre and right wing.

Our artillery replied energetically and bombarded the enemy's positions at the landing-places at Sedd-el-Bahr and Tekke Burnu, as well as a concentration of troops.

Our booty at Ari Burnu has increased to 2,000 cases of hand grenades, a field kitchen and a number of cases of artillery ammunition.—Reuter.

The Ministry of Munitions has sent a circular letter to all dealers in platinum requiring them within three days to make a return to the Ministry of the stock of platinum ores, residues or bars in their possession. The sale or purchase of platinum without a permit is prohibited.

## FIERCE BATTLE FOR CZERNOWITZ.

Russians Capture Further Portions of the Foe's Positions.

## BIG AUSTRIAN LOSSES.

### (RUSSIAN OFFICIAL)

PETROGRAD, Jan. 5.—The Russian communiqué of to-day says—

South of the Prippet region at Kovksotzkavolia we repulsed the Germans.

In the region of the middle Strypa our units consolidated themselves in the ground they had previously captured.

Enemy attempts to retake lost fortifications were repulsed with heavy losses to the enemy.

North-east of Czernowitz furious fighting continues. Our troops have seized further portions of the enemy's positions.

Hostile counter-attacks were beaten back and our fire inflicted heavy losses on the enemy.

In this region one of our units captured eighteen officers, 1,043 soldiers and four machine-guns.

Caucasian Front.—In the coastal region on the Black Arkhyz the fire dispersed bodies of Turks concentrated in the neighbourhood of the village of Patadzir. We also demolished Turkish armoured blockhouses in several districts.—Reuter.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL)

German Main Headquarters reports as follows—

A reconnoitring detachment, which was advancing in the wood to the south of Jacobstadt, was obliged to withdraw on meeting with superior enemy forces.

Near Czortyorsk an advance Russian post was attacked and thrown back.—Wireless Press.

## FOE REINFORCED.

PARIS, Jan. 6.—The special correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* at Petrograd telegraphs under yesterday's date—

The operations on the south front continue to develop and spread to the Russo-Turkish border.

In Bukowina the enemy is strongly organised from the defensive point of view. The Germans have, in fact, dispatched hastily thither part of the armies of Generals von Gallwitz and Dederow, which have been withdrawn from Serbia.

In spite of that the Russians retain the advantage and are making progress.—Reuter.

### AN AUSTRIAN DENIAL.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 6.—A Vienna semi-official message contradicts the report from Petrograd in regard to the evacuation of Czernowitz.

Nothing has occurred at this town, says the message, which even remotely resembles evacuation, and life is proceeding there as usual.

The Russians are declared to be at a standstill north of Czernowitz, just as they have been for some months past, and no Russian soldier has advanced a single step.—Central News.

## GERMANS WITHDRAWN FROM SERBIA.

Russian Offensive Causes Foe to Recall Troops to Meet New Menace.

PARIS, Jan. 6.—The Petrograd correspondent of the *Petit Parisien* telegraphs that the Russian offensive in the south is developing very successfully, and the Russian troops are close to Czernowitz, despite the energetic defence by the Austro-Germans, who have attempted several vain counter-attacks.

The enemy's right wing is especially strong, being defended by the armies under General Scherzer, which have been withdrawn from Serbia.

Meanwhile the Russians are well maintaining their progress on the Styx.

The Germans in these regions have made numerous counter-attacks in the hope of regaining their lost positions, but have been beaten back with heavy losses.—Central News.

### (MONTENEGRIN OFFICIAL)

ROMA, Jan. 6.—An official communiqué issued from the Montenegrin Consulate states that the Montenegrins have recaptured Bogicevitch and are pursuing the defeated enemy towards Deciane.—Central News.

## U.S.A. AND BARALONG.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The United States Government, according to the policy of non-intervention in the controversies of belligerents, will not permit American naval officers to investigate the Baralong case under Sir Edward Grey's suggestion.—Reuter.



The Tsar at Sebastopol with Admiral Grigorovitch and the naval staff. His Majesty is seen at the salute.

# GREAT WAR TRAGEDY OF "INERTIA" AT SUVLA.

**General Stopford's Order to Avoid Frontal Attack.**

## "ROOT OF FAILURE"

**Sir Ian Hamilton's Dispatch on the Operations.**

Stories of heroism unequalled in the history of the British Army, stories of a ceaseless struggle against overwhelming numbers, of suffering from thirst, and battles in rugged jungle covered valleys fill the pages of Sir Ian Hamilton's latest Dardanelles dispatch, which was published last night.

The dispatch deals in detail with the events of July and August last, and is the story of an heroic failure. Again and again our peerless troops had victory snatched from them at the last moment.

The story is a tragedy relieved only by succession of glorious achievements with which it is replete.

Sir Ian Hamilton begins his dispatch with a brief survey of conditions as they were in Gallipoli early in July, and then plunges into a narrative that must rank as one of the most stirring ever written in the English language.

### THE SHEET-ANCHOR.

After reporting the actions in the southern part of the peninsula that took place during July, he comes to the main part of his dispatch, which deals with what he writes the big operations of August, of which he writes in generous appreciation: "The sheet-anchor on which hung the whole of these elaborate schemes was the Navy."

Then there is the epic story of the fight for Table Top.

Table Top is a steep-sided, flat-topped hill close on 900 feet above sea level," the dispatch reads. "The sides of the hill are almost sheer

T: 500



Sir Ian Hamilton.

and quite impracticable; but here and there a ravine, choked with scrub, and under fire of enemy trenches, gives precarious foothold up the precipitous cliffs.

"The small plateau on the summit was honeycombed with trenches."

### "WITH THE BAYONET ONLY."

This apparently impregnable summit was actually taken. The attack was launched under cover of a heavy bombardment from H.M.S. Colne. "No general on peace manoeuvres would ask troops to attempt so breakneck an enterprise," says Sir Ian Hamilton. "The flanks of Table Top are so steep that a mushroom shape of the summit bulging over its stem."

"But, as the men moved upwards, so valiantly can they climb, the Turks fought bravely. The angle of Table Top's ascent is recognised in our regulations as 'impracticable for infantry.' But neither Turks nor angles of ascent were destined to stop Russell or his New Zealanders that night. There are moments during battle when life becomes intensified, when men become super-men, when the impossible becomes simple—and this was one of those moments."

"The scarped heights were scaled, the plateau was carried by midnight . . . the attack had been made by bayonet and bomb only; magazines were empty by order, hardly a rifle shot had been fired . . . No words can do justice to the achievement of Brigadier-General Russell and his men."

In the attack on this hill a skillful stratagem was carried out. As Sir Ian puts it: "The Anzac troops, assisted by H.M.S. Colne, had long and carefully been educating the Turks how they should lose Old No. 3 Post, which could hardly have been rushed by simple force of arms."

### A RUSE THAT SUCCEEDED.

The scheme was an ingenious one. For several days, "exactly at 9 p.m., H.M.S. Colne threw the beam of her searchlight on to the redoubt and opened fire upon it for exactly ten minutes. Then, after a ten minutes' interval, came a second illumination and bombardment, commencing always at 9.20 and ending precisely at 9.30."

After some days the Turks grew used to this performance and used to leave the post during the bombardment periods, so on the night of August 6 our men crept out under cover of the bombardment and approached the work.

When the searchlight was switched off at 9.30 they sprang into the empty trenches, and at 9 o'clock had completely captured them, much to the surprise of the Turks.

As one of the lighter incidents of the struggle,

we learn that in a surprise attack "two Turkish officers were caught in their pyjamas."

The note of tragedy is struck in the sentence which tells of a glorious charge of the 10th Gurkhas, who in the face of fire "eventually entrenched on the top of Rhododendron Spur, a quarter of a mile short of Chunuk Bair—i.e., of victory."

### LOST EVERY OFFICER.

All these incidents occurred in the great general attack on the Chunuk Bair ridge, during which the 7th Gloucesters, a battalion of the New Army, suffered terribly. "The fire was so hot that they never got a chance to dig trenches deeper than some six inches, and then they had to withstand attack from above."

In the course of these fights every single officer, company sergeant-major or company quartermaster-sergeant was either killed or wounded, and the battalion by midday consisted of small groups of men commanded by junior non-commissioned officers or privates.

"Here is one instance," comments Sir Ian, "when a battalion of the New Army fought right on from midday till sunset without any officers."

## STORMING OF A HILL IN INKY DARK OF NIGHT.

After securing the fight for Lone Pine and Table Top, Sir Ian turns to the Suvla Bay operations.

"On the evening of August 6," he says, "the 11th Division sailed on its short journey from Imbros (Kephala) to Suvla Bay and meeting with no mishap, the landing took place. The brigades of the 11th Division got ashore practically simultaneously, the 32nd and 33rd Brigades at B and C beaches, the 34th at A beach. "The surprise of the Turks was complete."

Then came the sudden storming of Baba Lala from the south. This attack was carried out by the 9th West Yorkshire Regiment and the 6th Yorkshire Regiment, both of the 32nd Brigade, which had landed at B beach and marched up the coast road.

The assault succeeded at once and without much loss, but both battalions deserve great credit for the way it was delivered in the inky darkness of the night.

The 32nd Brigade was now pushed on to the support of the 34th Brigade, which was held up by another outpost of the enemy on Hill 10 (117 R and S), and it is feared that some of the losses incurred here were due to misdirected fire.

While this fighting was still in progress the 11th Battalion, Manchester Regiment, of the 34th Brigade was advancing northwards in very fine style, driving the enemy opposed to them back along the ridge of the Karakol Dag towards the Kirech Tepe Sirt.

### "GREAT PLUCK AND GRIT."

Beyond doubt these Lancashire men earned much distinction, fighting with great pluck and grit against an enemy not very numerous perhaps, but having an immense advantage in knowledge of the ground.

"As they got level with Hill 10 it grew light enough to see, and the enemy began to shell. No one seems to have been present who could take hold of the two brigades, the 32nd and 34th, and launch them in a concerted and cohesive attack."

Consequently there was confusion and hesitation, increased by gorse fires lit by hostile shell, but redeemed, I am proud to report, by conspicuously individual battalions.

Their pluck of the 11th Battalion locally available were by now in the field, and they were encouraged to counter-attack by the signs of hesitation, but the 9th Lancashire Fusiliers and the 11th Manchester Regiment took them on with the bayonet, and fairly drove them back in disorder over the flaming Hill 10.

"As the infantry were thus making good, the two Highland mountain batteries and one battery, 10th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, were landed at B beach. Day was now breaking, and with the dawn sailed into the bay six battalions of the 10th Division, under Brigadier-General Hill, from Mitylene.

"Here, perhaps, I may be allowed to express my gratitude to the Royal Navy for their share in this remarkable achievement, as well as a very special thanks to staff arrangements which, in the infantry of which division, and three batteries being landed during a single night on a hostile shore, whilst the arrival of the first troops of the supporting division, from another base distant 120 miles, took place at the very psychological moment when support was most needed, namely, at break of dawn."

"The intention of the Corps Commander was to keep the 10th Division on the left, and with it to push on as far forward as possible along the Kirech Tepe Sirt towards the heights above Ejelma Bay."

### HARD PRESSED.

"He wished, therefore, to land these six battalions of the 10th Division at A beach, and, seeing Brigadier-General Hill, he told him that as the left of the 34th Brigade was being hard pressed he should get into touch with General Officer Commanding 11th Division, and work in support of the initial arrival of his own Divisional General."

"But the naval authorities, so General Stopford reports, were unwilling, for some reason not specified, to land these troops at A beach, so that they had to be sent in lighters to C beach, whence they marched by Lala Baba to Hill 10, under fire."

"Hence were caused loss, delay and fatigue. Also the angle of direction from which these

Commanders "Disliked Idea of Night Advance."

### "SANDS RUNNING OUT."

**Sir Ian Says Driving Power Was Required.**

fresh troop entered the fight was not nearly so effective.

"By the evening General Hammersley had seized Yigin Burnu (Chocolate Hills) after a fight for which he specially commands the 6th Lincolnshire Regiment and the 1st Royal Irish Regiment."

"At 11 p.m. the Corps reported that he was unable to make any further progress towards the vital point, Ismail Oglu Tepe."

"The weather was very hot, and the new troops suffered much from want of water. Except at the southernmost extremity of the Kirech Tepe Sirt ridge there was no water in that part of the field, and although it existed in some abundance throughout the area over which the 11th Division was operating, the Corps Commander reports that there was no time to develop its resources."

"Partly this seems to have been owing to the enemy's fire; partly to a want of that nous which stands by as second nature to the old campaigner; partly it was inevitable."

"Anyway, for as long as such a state of things lasted the troops were dependent on the lighters and upon the water brought to the beaches in tins, pakshe, etc."

"Undoubtedly, the distribution of this water to the advancing troops was a matter of great difficulty, and one which required not only well-worked-out schemes from corps and divisional staffs, but also energy and experience on the part of those who had to put them into practice."

"As it turned out, and judging merely by results, I regret to say that the measures actually taken in regard to the distribution proved to be inadequate, and that suffering and disorganisation ensued."

"The disembarkation of artillery horses was therefore at once, and rightly, postponed by the corps commander in order that mules might be landed to carry up water."

## COMMANDERS WHO WERE UNABLE TO MOVE.

"And now General Stopford, recollecting the vast issues which hung upon his success in forestalling the enemy, urged his divisional commanders to push on."

"Otherwise, as he saw, all the advantages of the surprise landing must be nullified."

"But, the divisional commanders believed themselves, it seems, to be unable to move."

"Their idea, I think, was to be exhausted by the efforts of the night of the 6th-7th and by the action of the 7th. The want of water had told on the new troops. The distribution from the beaches had not worked smoothly."

"In some cases the hose had been pierced by individuals wishing to fill their own bottles; in others lighters had grounded so far from the beach that men swam out to fill batches of water-bottles."

"All this had added to the disorganisation inevitable after a night landing, followed by fights here and there with an enemy scattered over a country to us unknown. These pleas for delay were perfectly well founded."

"But it seems to have been overlooked that the half-defeated Turks in front of us were also exhausted and disorganised, and that an advance was the simplest and swiftest method of solving the water trouble and every other sort of trouble. Be this as it may, the objections overrode the corps commander's resolution."

"As the infantry were thus making good, the two Highland mountain batteries and one battery, 10th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, were landed at B beach. Day was now breaking, and with the dawn sailed into the bay six battalions of the 10th Division, under Brigadier-General Hill, from Mitylene."

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"The intention of the Corps Commander was to keep the 10th Division on the left, and with it to push on as far forward as possible along the Kirech Tepe Sirt towards the heights above Ejelma Bay."

### WHY GENERAL ACQUIESCED IN "GO SLOW" POLICY.

"But it was lack of artillery support which finally decided him to acquiesce in a policy of slow which, by the time it reached the troops, became translated into a period of inaction."

"The divisional generals were, in fact, informed that, 'in view of the inadequate artillery support,' General Stopford did not wish them to make frontal attacks on entrenched positions, but desired them, so far as was possible, to try and turn any trenches which were met with."

"With this in mind, this instruction lies at the root of our failure to make use of the priceless daylight hours of August 8."

"Normally, it may be correct to say that in modern warfare infantry cannot be expected to advance without artillery preparation."

"But in a landing on a hostile shore the order has to be inverted. The infantry must advance and seek a suitable position to cover the divisional need to provide artillery positions for the main thrust."

"The very existence of the force, its water supply, its facilities for munitions and supplies, its power to reinforce, must absolutely depend on the infantry being able instantly to make good sufficient ground without the aid of the artillery other than can be supplied for the purpose by floating batteries."

(Continued on Page 13.)

### GIRLS! MOISTEN A CLOTH AND DRAW IT THROUGH HAIR.

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## EATING WHAT YOU LIKE.

Not to be limited in one's diet but to eat whatever one pleases without discomfort is the dream of every dyspeptic.

Noboddy can honestly promise to restore any stomach to health, but it is because all people cannot eat the same kind of food with equally satisfactory results. It is literally true that "what is one man's food is another man's poison"; but it is possible to select a pleasing diet from foods that cause no discomfort and it is possible to tone up the digestive organs.

When the stomach lacks tone there is no quicker way to restore it than to build up the strength of the digestive system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills offer the best way to build up the blood. They also have a direct action on the nerves, and as the nerves control the processes of digestion these pills are especially good in stomach trouble attended with thin blood, and in nervous dyspepsia.

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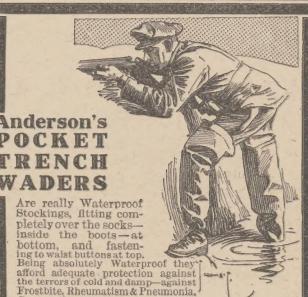
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With Powder Trap.



Mr. Harry Gosling.

dock strike a few years ago, he ruled London for four days as an absolute autocrat and led 70,000 workers to victory.

**Thames Lighterman.**

Starting work as a lighterman on the Thames, Harry Gosling rose to be a Labour Alderman of the London County Council in 1898. He is less an orator than an organiser, and lives in a little flat within a stone's throw of the Elephant and Castle. He often works fifteen hours a day on end, and is getting on for sixty.

**Tastes Differ.**

Is Lord Derby like his uncle in his critical taste in champagne? The uncle I refer to was the one who loomed large in Disraeli's and Gladstone's time. He once was entertained by a local magnate, who thoughtfully provided some fine dry champagne, and that gentleman's feelings can be imagined when he saw his noble guest put a large spoonful of sugar into the "Extra Sec."

**West Newington Candidate.**

Mr. Warwick Brookes, who has been asked to stand for West Newington in the approaching by-election, has worked very hard and systematically in his two parliamentary campaigns. He is certain, his friends tell me, to succeed sooner or later. He can think straight and talk common sense. Mr. Brookes, who is managing director of the Junior Army and Navy Stores, is a Lancashire man.

**Where the "Johns" Stand.**

Are all the "Johns" against compulsion? At any rate, John Simon, John Dillon, John Clifford, John Hobson, John Morley and John Burns are.

**The Reward.**

I am told that since his resignation from the Cabinet highly remunerative retainers are being showered on Sir John Simon. Seemingly the reward of going out of office is sometimes as sweet as going into office.

**The Real "Pelican."**

Mr. Ernest Wells is to give to a waiting public his reminiscences in book form—sooner or later. Possibly no man in the life of sport and Bohemia in London has met more interesting men during a lifetime. Mr. Wells is now sixty-one, but does not look more than fifty. I know that others have written of the days of the famous old Pelican Club, but no one with the memory or authority that "Swears," as he is called, has.

**A Pupil of Mordkin.**

Wandering in the neighbourhood of Dalton, I ventured into the theatre, and there found a most delightful miniature Russian ballet. On the stage was a troupe of children; wonderfully trained, with a graceful leader. Talking to her after the show, I found she was Mlle. Wanda, Mordkin's *P. 6114* accom-



Mlle. Wanda.

plished pupil. She is in the pantomime with her clever troupe. She said one number was specially arranged by Mordkin, who is serving with the Russian Army. Mlle. Wanda had a striking escape from Germany some time ago.

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

**Labour Sphinx.****Our New Nightbirds.**

Square of jaw, grey-haired and alert of eye, Mr. Harry Gosling, who presided over the great Labour conference on compulsion, is perhaps the most accomplished diplomat of the trade unionists. He is known as the Labour Sphinx. As the organiser of the

London dock strike a few years ago, he ruled London for four days as an absolute autocrat and led 70,000 workers to victory.

**Just Like Mother.**

Some of these women have many good stories. Here is one. "Excuse me, m'm, but it does do me good to see you cutting bread and butter; it reminds me of my mother," said a shell maker. "I sit here night after night to see you do it." The canary lady was touched at the sentiment, and hoped she cut it as nicely as mother did. "Well, it isn't that so much," said the man. "But you see she always used to cut left-handed—like you do!"

**The Artist Breaks Out.**

In another canteen a man who had just consumed a huge plate of eggs eyed the lady-in-charge critically as she arranged some flowers. She felt, she says, that she was not doing them to his taste and asked him about it. "Please let me do them," asked the man. "Before I made shells that was my job in a great nobleman's house, and with all this dirty work I should so like to handle flowers again!"

**In "Bric-a-Brac."**

This charming young lady, Miss Yvonne Fitzroy, is appearing as one of the statues in "Bric-a-Brac" at the Palace. *P. 6104*



Miss Yvonne Fitzroy.

is half French and half Irish, a mixture that makes, as a rule, for vivacity and cleverness. She was one of Mr. George Edwardes's last discoveries.

**The Turks Fighting Clean.**

Two incidents go to show that the Turks are fair fighters, in Gallipoli at least. One story is of a Turkish officer who came into our lines to apologise for hitting a hospital ship and the other is that of an envoy sent to intimate that one of our dressing-stations was too near the fighting line, and if not moved must suffer. And yet think how they treat the Armenians!

**A Singing Snuff-Box.**

A wonderful snuff-box will be sold shortly at Christie's among the late Lewis Waller's effects. It plays tunes, and plays them well. There are also some gold cigarette cases which should fetch good prices, not solely for their intrinsic value, but for sentimental reasons.

**The Popular Billy Wells.**

There is no more popular man in a huge military camp "somewhere in Wales" than Sergeant-Instructor Billy Wells, of the Welsh Regiment. When, after his speedy victory over Bandsman Rice, his many regimental supporters returned to camp, they had to relate the whole story of the short contest over and over again to their comrades, who have grown to regard the English champion as one of their own beloved Welshmen.

**The Bank's Cheap Envelope.**

The Bank of England—where the wealth of the Empire is hoarded—does not strike one as a place of trivial economies. But a small dividend which they have the "honour to send me" (as they phrase it) each quarter arrived yesterday for the first time in a cheap-looking envelope, which might have enclosed a butcher's circular. It seems such a fall from the noble, parchment-like stationery of previous days—the model for "private" money-lenders and bogus company promoters!

**A Reformed Queue.**

Ardent theatre-goers have suffered a rebuff. Henceforth they will have to do their "patient waiting" for themselves, and not by proxy, as messenger-boys will not be allowed to do it for them. This restores the democracy of the pit, which was always threatened so long as wealthy patrons could get the best seats by paying boys to keep their places in the queue.

**More Precious Than Diamonds.**

You may not know it, but some jewellers melt down sovereigns and use the gold to make jewellery. I hear steps are to be taken forbidding this practice. But I don't think it will cause a scarcity of trinkets.

**Conscience-Stricken.**

"No conscientious objector need apply" is the latest recruiting poster outside the Royal Naval Division Depot in the Strand. At least their placards are topical.

**Reporter to Finance Minister.**

Sir William White, Canada's Minister of Finance, who was created a K.C.M.G. in the New Year's honours, is a wonderful example of the self-made man. He was a country reporter, and has become Canada's "Chancellor of the Exchequer." At one time he reported municipal affairs in Toronto, and from the study of civic finance he drifted to lawful familiarities with trust companies and banks. Then the Premier, Sir Robert Borden, called him. Sir William recently asked the Dominion for an internal war loan of fifty million dollars, and got one hundred million

**New Brooms.**

The new colonel was making a round of inspection. "What are you, my man?" he asked. "Sergeant-Quartermaster-General, sir," was the answer. "Well, you won't be to-morrow unless you get your hair cut," the colonel replied.

**The Meaning of a "Medal" Round.**

He was a stout gentleman who had just been hit in the back by the ball of a player whom he spotted some fifty yards off. "What d'ye mean?" he profanely inquired. "Don't imagine I was aiming at you," shouted the offender indignantly, "or that it was by way of a joke—I am not here for the fun of the thing at all—I'm playing a medal round."

**Better Late Than Never.**

Fifteen years ago a Yorkshire friend of mine joined a Yeomanry regiment and fought all through the Boer War. After peace was declared he made his home in South Africa, but rejoined the forces once more when the German war broke out. Now, after nine months in the trenches, he has been given sick leave, and has just received his African war medal. Now he is off again to earn another.

**Some Boys!**

Eighteen years ago Fleet-street missed a familiar figure. Not looking a day older, he returned last week wearing the uniform of a Canadian regiment. He was a full private, and, as he put it, "broke his journey in Flanders to do a bit of scrapping." You can imagine his surprise when, on reaching the Old Country, he found his twin sons, aged fifteen, in the same battalion. "Some boys!" was the paternal summing up of the situation.

**Little June.**

I met Little June, who is to be the new premiere danseuse at the Empire—a proud position. She is a dainty little maiden, who was born in June, hence her name, as pretty as a peach and as happy as a sandboy. Little June has many accomplishments—she dances like a sylph, plays the piano well and draws excellent fashion sketches.

**It Was Always So.**

"People may be divided into two classes, the givers and the takers," says Mrs. Clifford Mills,

**Young and Clever.**

I hear that Miss René Waller has just gained the A.L.C.M. diploma at the London College of Music, taking full marks for her Shakespearean work and recitals. She is only thirteen and a half years old, and is the youngest candidate ever to have gained this distinction. She has twice appeared privately before royalty.



Miss René Waller.

**The Scarab Club.**

Mme. Ivy de Verley, whose engagement is announced to a young Irish officer, Lieutenant Daverton, is an artist with new ideas and a bold touch. She recently painted a portrait of Polaire in about half an hour, and the picture was most bizarre. I received an invitation not long ago to visit Mme. de Verley's Scarab Club, which is described as a gathering place for all Bohemian lovers of the arts. I rather like the title of the club.

**Good for Crops.**

Here is a good yarn which has the merit of being true. A friend in Newcastle who prides himself upon knowing what people are by the look of them, meeting a man in a barber's shop, took him for a farmer. To a complaint about the weather my friend replied. "Yes, it is beastly, but should be good for your crops." "No," replied the farmer, "it keeps my crops in—you see, my crops are kiddies." The "farmer" was Mr. Bannister Howard, who is managing the children's pantomime at the Aldwych Theatre.

**What to Do with the Foxes.**

Never were there so many foxes in the country as there are just now, and from what I gather from various rural districts never were they doing so much damage. The un-hunted fox soon becomes aggressively tame and helps himself to the choicest of poultry through sheer cussedness. With nearly all our hunting men serving the country, and most of the horses commandeered by the Government, reynard just now is enjoying the time of his life.

**It Will Have to Be Done.**

In normal times the suggestion that a fox should be shot would have been received with the contempt it deserved, but we are not living in days when sentiment can be considered, and sportsmen realise that it is the only way out of the difficulty. And no time should be lost, or there will be such a massacre of laying pullets that, instead of eggs being threepence or fourpence each, they will soon be double the price.

**Mr. Stoll's Book.**

In his moments of leisure, after dealing with the destinies of his many variety theatres, Mr. Oswald Stoll has again entered the field of literature by writing a book on the fascinating and topical subject of "The People's Credit." The work is an earnest plea for the handling of the financial problem of the Empire on such lines as will ensure the proper utilisation of the millions of untouched capital.

**The Grand Survival.**

A man of strong principle and breadth of view, Mr. Stoll, whose hobbies are described in "Who's Who" as "reading and variety

*P. 2287*



Mr. Oswald Stoll.

theatres," is not unknown in the literary world, as he had written an illuminating book on "The Grand Survival: A Theory of Immortality by Natural Law," which excited comment at the time.

THE RAMBLER.

## PRETTY LITTLE DUTCH GIRLS IN "TULIPLAND" AT THE HIPPODROME.

P. 12702



Miss Shirley Kellogg in "Tulipland," which is perhaps the prettiest of the many pretty scenes in "Joyland," the new revue at the Hippodrome. The dresses, which

cleverly suggest the popular flower for which Holland is famous, add greatly to the effect.—(Wrather and Buys.)

## TO WED TO-MORROW.

P. 415 A



Captain T. D. B. Bowater, son of Sir T. Vansittart Bowater, Bart., an ex-Lord Mayor of London, and Miss Kathleen Mary Frost.

## GLAD TO GET AWAY.

P. 18K41



Miss Kearin, an Irish girl, who has just been released from Brussels. She brought the canary with her.

## 75 DAYS FOR JOURNEY WHICH USED TO TAKE 56 HOURS.

8191Y B



Russian Red Cross nurses who have just arrived in London from Nish. The journey took them seventy-five days. In pre-war days the time-table allowed the traveller fifty-six hours if he was lucky and caught all connections.

## LORD BURNHAM ILL.

P. 2188



Lord Burnham, the chief proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, who is seriously ill. He was created a peer in 1903.

## A PERSIA VICTIM?

P. 18K41



Lieutenant O. Gough, of the Indian Army, who is reported to have been on board the torpedoed liner Persia. —(Langner.)

## EARL'S MAJORITY.

P. 312 B



Lieutenant the Earl of Carlisle, who attained his majority yesterday. He fought in H.M.S. New Zealand as a midshipman. —(Lafayette.)

# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1916.

## FIRST AID FOR PARLIAMENTARY LAWYERS.

THE best retreat for reflective but discomfited statesmen in these bad times is undoubtedly Flanders or France. In some place not too far from the firing line, even those beyond military age can learn (very late) that wisdom which comes of facing things as they are. The cure has been of use to so-called labour leaders since the war began. It is a splendid treatment for irrelevance. The unkind and the rude might add that it has two great advantages when applied to our parliamentary lawyers—it teaches them what war means and it holds out to us a prospect that some of them may get killed off by mistake. But from this latter hope we of course dissociate ourselves immediately.

One could not help wondering, after wading through the legal sophistries of Sir John Simon's speech on Mr. Asquith's Bill the other day, whether he too, like Mr. Churchill, could not be persuaded to unbend from argument and get to facts, by going to the front, for a change.

"The real issue is whether we are to begin an immense change in the fundamental structure of our society."

There you have Sir John Simon's legal view of the real issue at present. Humber people may have supposed that the real issue is to win the war—but so obvious a point would never be made by a parliamentary lawyer. Sir John Simon's brain, like Mr. Dick's in David Copperfield, is under the obsession of a King Charles's head—he cannot get away from *The Times*: like Mr. Dillon, he bounces up in a rage whenever that journal is mentioned. This obsession and a few "principles" about the fundamental structure of society govern him perpetually, and impel him to endless and exasperated argument, at a time when, obviously, the whole structure of that pre-war society is under modification; when nothing stands that once stood firm; when all is thrown into the striving and straining effort to achieve a new, perhaps a better, society, if and only if we win a war perhaps but now beginning.

This tragic effort, this strain and striving, these bitter facts utterly defeating old prejudices, are as nothing to the lawyer. He is left with his illusions about the "real issue" and "the fundamental structure of society."

We only mention this type of the modern sophist—to-day's equivalent of the Prodigies or Protogoras of old—or, again, of the medieval-schoolman with his dissertations *in vacuo*—we only refer to him in a valedictory manner, praying and hoping that from his type of mind the war, with its awful facts, may finally deliver us.

And for those lawyers still left high and very dry by "the fundamental changes in the structure of our society", we recommend, failing the front, a visit to M. Rae-mackers' cartoons. These might cure even Sir John Simon of his gift for confusing issues, of his irrelevance. More—they might, in their horrid realism, provide him with a new obsession—the Kaiser and Kaiserism, instead of "*The Times* newspaper."

W. M.

## THE SOLDIER'S REST.

Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,  
Sing for the lark that never hover,  
And with leaves and flowers do cover  
The friendless bodies of unburi'd men.  
Call unto his funeral dirge.

The ant, the field-mouse and the mole,  
To rest in the earth, in the dark, in the warm,  
And when gay tombs are rob'd, shall men,  
But keep the wolf there thence, that's fit to men.

For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

WEBSTER.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The bad fortune of the good turns their faces up to Heaven; and the good fortune of the bad bows their heads down to the earth.—Saadi.

## HOW THE IRISH CAME TO CZERNOWITZ.

### STRANGE FACTS ABOUT A LITTLE KNOWN COUNTRY.

By ERNEST HAMILTON.

EVERY few months the town of Czernowitz bobs up in the war news, which usually means that a great battle is being fought in one of the most romantic districts in Europe, for possession of a town as important from the military point of view as, say, Calais.

Perhaps there may be a dozen people in the country who have ever been to Czernowitz. Yet there was a time when there was an invasion of that town by the English—or rather the Irish—and though it happened many years ago the memory of that invasion still remains in the Bukowina. So great was its influence that it is by no means difficult to find a lineal descendant

pence; where a day's meals would only cost fourpence or fivepence; and where a pound of Macedonian tobacco could be bought for a shilling.

Those Irishmen came to Czernowitz. It is only stating the literal truth to say that not only did they come, but they conquered. No sooner did they draw their first pay on Saturday than they began to make themselves at home in the little towns and, having drunk generously, they came down the mountains in a body, descended on Czernowitz, and promptly offered to fight any and all comers.

### THAT WONDERFUL SATURDAY.

It was a wonderful Saturday from all accounts. Some of the peasants were foolish enough to take on the Irishmen. They had never heard of boxing—only knew of a mild kind of wrestling. Within a few minutes they knew as much about the practical results of boxing as any handbook could teach them.

Long before evening on that memorable Saturday the Irish established their supremacy

## WAR PROBLEMS.

### HOW CAN MIDDLE-AGED MEN SERVE THE COUNTRY?

#### NO USE?

In September, 1914, Old Coopers Hill men, i.e., engineers of Indian and Colonial public works, trained under Government auspices, were asked to register their names and addresses and volunteer their services to the country.

About 200 did so—up to date, I believe, only twelve of these have been employed.

These men, although over military age, are skilled engineers, many not only in civil but also mechanical engineering. A large proportion are physically fit and active. They understand the management of men and works.

In spite of Government neglect, many are doing what they can in the V.T.C., etc. They all had at least three years' training in the old V.T.C. Now the various munitions and other departments are crying for capable trained men.

#### ONE OF THEM.

#### "FREE AS AIR."

W. M.'s article of January 4 calls to mind the fact that at one period light and air were actually made subject for taxation.

I mean by the imposition of a window tax.

This was first levied in 1662 and again in later dates for special revenue purposes. As late as 1850 the sum of £1,832,684 was obtained by it—two million pounds' worth of excluded sunlight and fresh air! The tax was repealed in 1851.

#### OXYGEN.

#### MODERN LANGUAGES.

FOR the last year I have been teaching officers and privates going to the "front" modern languages gratis, and I have found that those who have had a grounding in Latin and Greek have got on the best.

I must differ from "Crede Experto" in his advice to throw away dictation and grammar: a language can undoubtedly be learned conversationally, but is as soon forgotten as acquired; there being nothing to fix it in the memory. Conversation and grammar should go hand in hand, the latter giving confidence.

"Educationist" is too sweeping in his assertion that English masters do not know languages; I know many who do, but natives have always been given the preference in schools.

#### AN ENGLISH WOMAN.

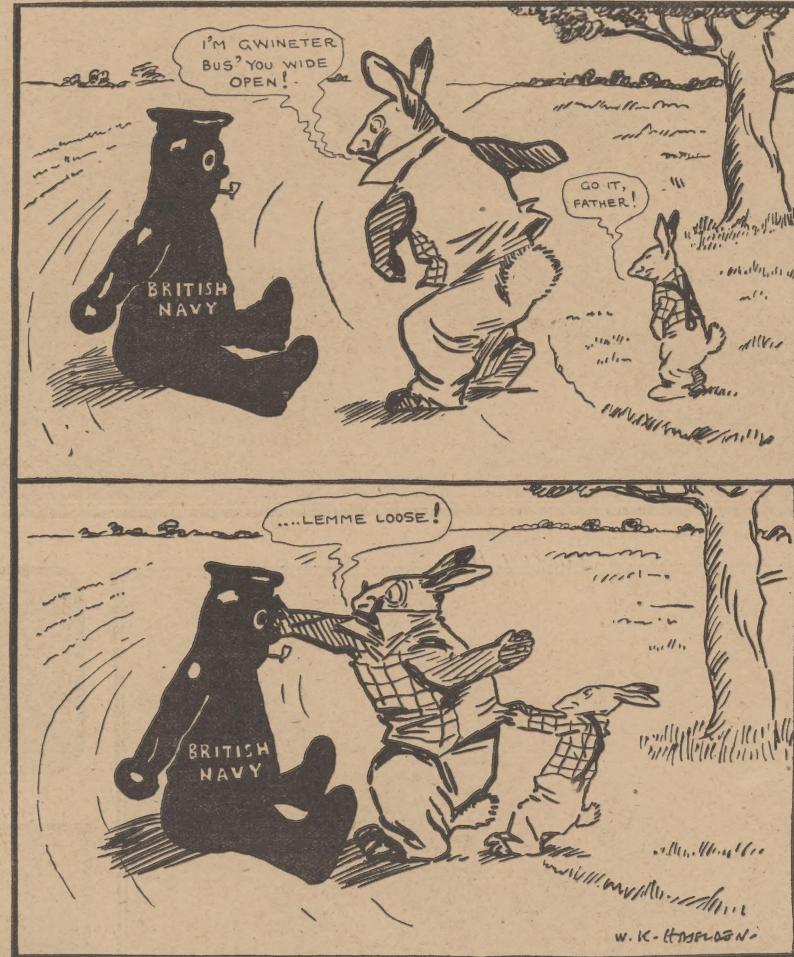
#### IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 6. The winter aconite (*eranthis hyemalis*) is one of the first flowers of the year. Today many of its blossoms light up shady corners. This plant is very easy to grow and to be seen at its best should be cultivated in masses in woody places or on grassy banks.

The winter jasmine also opens to welcome flowers to-day, making a grand show on a sunny fence. The shoots can be brought indoors before the buds have fully expanded.

E. F. T.

## BIG WILLIE AND THE BRITISH TAR BABY.



After much boasting about smashing our Navy by submarine warfare, Germany is feeling more and more the silent grip of that same Navy. Our cartoonist pays his acknowledgments to Mr. J. A. Shepard's illustration to "Uncle Romus"—(By Mr. W. K. Heselden.)

of a Dooley or O'Halloran in Czernowitz, and this is the cause of the phenomenal interest in road traffic as thoughtful enough to amass a fortune that was quite considerable for that period by embarking on railway contracts. Among the railways with which he was connected was the one running from Lemberg to Czernowitz.

Now, the local labour supply in Czernowitz, although plenty enough to care about as no slave or pauper could possibly be, their lack of initiative is so great that not even competent foremen could at that time get a decent day's work out of them, and it became necessary to look further afield for men if any railway was to be built. After various experiments my great-grandfather came over to England, looked around and selected the prize men, and the business parties could be recruited with a job.

A mile or so outside Czernowitz an encampment was built for the men, who were, of course, paid English rates of wages, but who had the advantage of living in a country where a pint of rye or potato whisky could be bought for two-

—perhaps a little too easily for their bellicose spirits.

Henceforth the Irishman was cock of the walk. It was he who invariably took out the prettiest girl in the place—and the women of the Bukowina are as attractive as they are soft-hearted. It was he who taught the peasants how to drink heartily, and, what is more to the point, how to work hard.

My great-grandfather had never been able to get any labour until then, once the Irish came there was a rush of men from all parts of Bukowina, Galicia and even Rumania. The Irish in due course finished their work and were shipped back, but they still remain a theme of gossip among the Ruthenian peasants, who often tell of their prowess.

These Irishmen, used as foremen among the most backward mixture of races that any one town could possibly present, a mixture that is so amazing that practically the only language that is not spoken in normal times in Czernowitz is German—which is the language only of the official classes.

Roughly speaking, the people are divided into

Ruthenians and Poles, but the balance of power is held by Jews, while there are a very large number of Rumanians, Armenians and Turks. Nobody, however, ever bothers about such a trifles as nationality. The only thing that counts there is religion, and this is probably the only city in Europe where the Jews of each religion are politically separate from the others, every other—that is to say, they will only buy from people of their own creed. Naturally, in a town of this description the language question becomes a nightmare. The Poles only speak Polish, the Ruthenians speak a variety of Russian, the Rumanians insist on using their own language, the vast mass of Jews only speak Yiddish, while the Turks in Czernowitz use the Turkish, Serb and Magyar.

Czernowitz has been Turkish, Rumanian, more or less Austrian, and, twice during the present war, Russian. It looks very much as if it will be Russian again. But such is the composition of the place that almost any conquering race would find a considerable section of the population to be fellow-nationals, and therefore would be more or less welcome,

# KING PETER'S TRAGIC RIDE: SERBIAN ARTIST TAKES REMARKAB

*P. 470.*



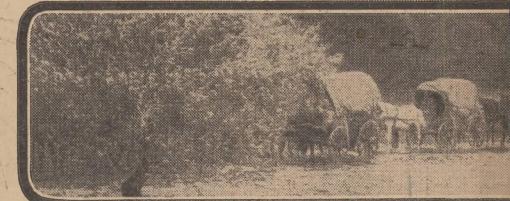
Towards the Albanian coast. Enemy reports say that King Peter was carried on a stretcher, that he fought sword in hand, and that he escaped into Scutari on horseback.

*9.11909 H*

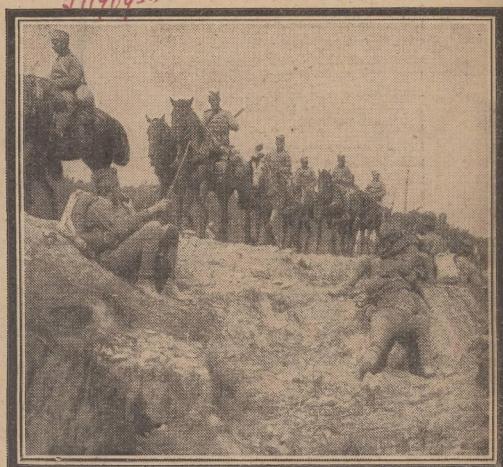


Compelled, like the Belgians, to leave their country, Serbian troops retreating in good order on Prishtina.

Overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, the Serbians, who suffered heavy losses, were compelled to retreat and abandon their country to the invaders, but the disaster was not nearly so bad.



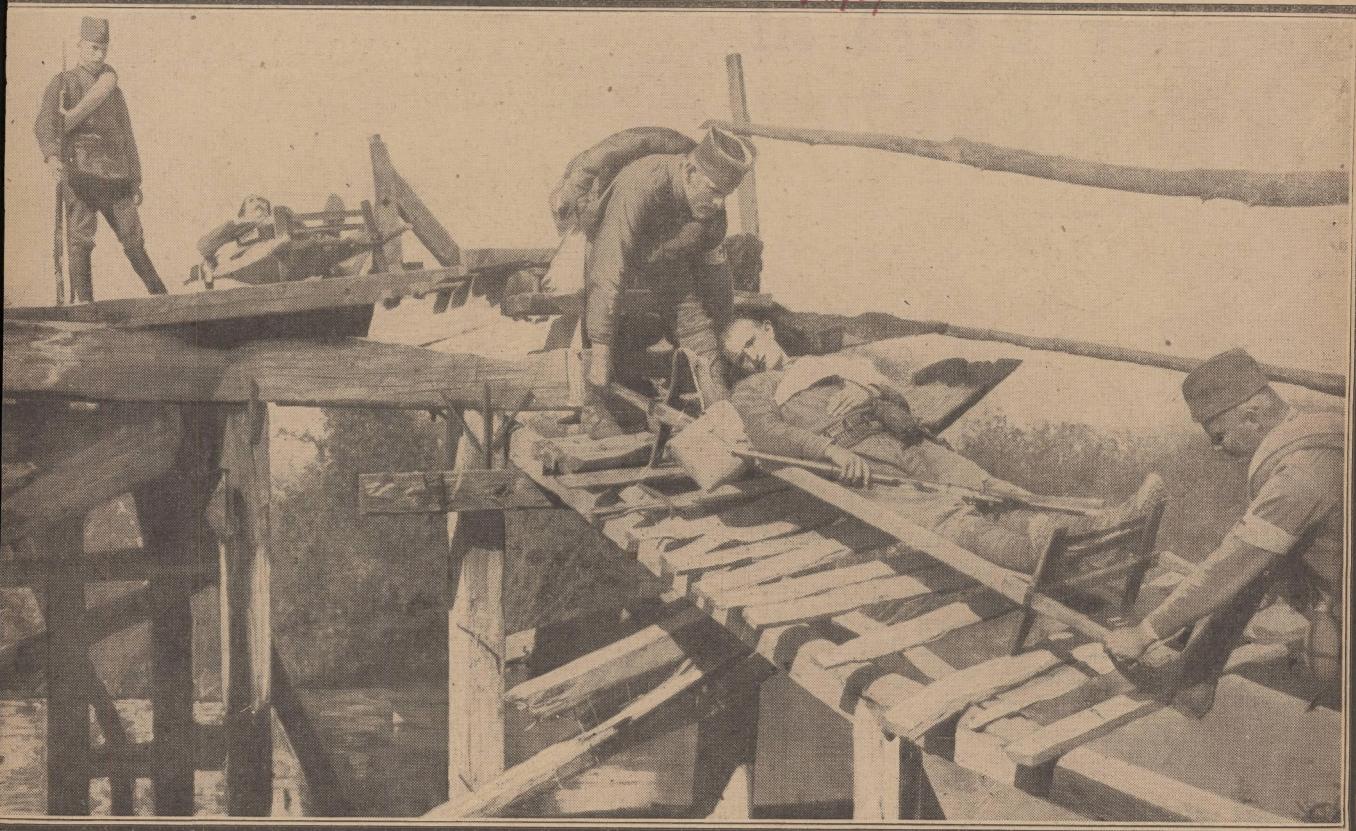
*9.11909 H* In a valley flooded by the rise of the Morava. A



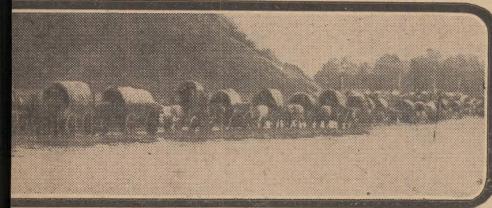
Forced back by superior numbers, but still unconquered.

# PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ARMY WHICH WAS DRIVEN INTO EXILE

*9.11909 H*



Stretcher-bearing under difficulties. Red Cross orderlies carrying the wounded across the Morava on a wooden bridge which has been almost destroyed.



A convoy in retreat in a defile near Kragujevatz.

*9.11909 H*



Abandon their country to the invaders, but the disaster was not nearly so great as the loss of life. Vladimir Betzitch, the Serbian artist, who took these photographs.—Arrangement with the *Illustrated London News*.

## MEN FROM THE LOST CRUISER.

*9.1500*



Group showing some of the survivors of H.M. cruiser Natal, which blew up in harbour. One of the men in the foreground has the ship's cat, which is safe and well.

## TWO NEWS PORTRAITS.

*P. 312 B*

*P. 2188*



Lieutenant Lord Carlisle who has attained his majority, fought on H.M.S. New Zealand as a 'middy.'

Lord Burnham, proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*, who is seriously ill. He was created a peer in 1903.

## ACTING AT 78.

*P. 954 N*



Miss Genevieve Ward, the aged actress, who is taking part in the new play, "The Baskerville," arriving at St. James's Theatre yesterday.

# Cheaper TEA at LIPTON'S

Splendid Tea for

# 1/10

JUDGE for yourselves its remarkable value at the price.

We won't talk to you about the economy you can effect by using this tea. It is, of course, quite clear to you that if you like it, as we are convinced you will, you will begin saving money at once.

Should, however, you prefer even finer teas—we sell them.

If you want the Best Tea—go to the firm that grows it.

As Planters owning some of the finest tea plantations in the world, Lipton's have that advantage over others that enables them to give their customers better quality, better selection, and that value for money which cannot be obtained elsewhere.

There is no cheaper tea or better value than Lipton's.

You always save money at  
**LIPTON'S**

**NO ADVANCE**  
in the price of

**LIPTON'S MARGARINE**

LIPTON, LTD., Tea Planters, CEYLON.

The Writers of these Letters have secured  
**GOOD DOMESTIC SERVANTS.**

You can do the same if you adopt the same means as they did, viz., by making your wants known through

## The Times.

FIRST read these letters:—

Pinecroft,  
Graham, Sussex.  
December 24, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert.  
As the result of my recent advertisement in "The Times" I secured a suitable House-Paupermaid for the country within a couple of days. I consider this a very prompt and effective method of obtaining domestic servants.

Your faithfully,  
(Signed) JESSICA SOLOMON.

68, Inverness-Terrace,  
Bayswater, W.

December 24, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert.  
As the result of my advertisement in "The Times" I have had several replies, and have obtained a satisfactory House-Paupermaid with a very good reference.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) M. E. LAINÉ.

64, Upper Berkeley-Street,  
Portman-Square, W.

November 26, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert.  
Mrs. Macdonald Brown has much pleasure in stating that she has been extremely satisfied with the results of the advertisement for House-Paupermaid which she inserted in "The Times."

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) CAROLINE D. NEWMAN.

69, Maybury Mansions,  
New Cavendish-Street, W.  
December 1, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert.  
I am glad to say my advertisement in "The Times" has brought me very good results, and I have engaged a General who seems satisfactory.

I think your system is splendid, and will recommend it to my friends.

(Signed) L. FIELD.

40, Russell-Square, W.C.  
November 29, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert.  
Having obtained a Housemaid, through your help in advertising in "The Times," I am writing to say that we think it is a satisfactory method of hearing of servants, found a maid to suit us on four days.

Yours faithfully,  
(Signed) CAROLINE D. NEWMAN.

The following appeared in the 6th October issue of "The Times," and speaks for itself:—

"Box L.474 has had 500 replies to her advertisement in 'The Times' for Lady Companion."

THEN learn how "The Times" can help you to obtain the kind of servant who will give you equal satisfaction. There are THREE ways in which "The Times" offers assistance:—

**(1). THROUGH OUR BUREAUX.** If you live in or near London, you are invited to call between 10 and 6 any day at one of the undermentioned addresses, and employ the services of the Lady Expert appointed by "The Times" to advise upon and assist in drafting announcements of Servants Wanted. For the convenience of ladies, facilities have also been provided in these establishments whereby Servants, replying to their advertisements in "The Times" may be interviewed by arrangement. The addresses are as follows:—

"The Times" Book Club, 380, Oxford Street, W.

John Barker & Co., Ltd., Kensington High Street,  
(adjoining Restaurant), Third Floor.

Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., Knightsbridge (Louis  
XVI. Restaurant), Third Floor.

Address your communications to, or, when calling, ask for "The Times" Servant Expert.

**(2) BY TELEPHONE.**

Servants Wanted advertisements may also be telephoned direct to "The Times" (Holborn 3171).

**(3) BY SENDING IN THIS FORM.**

SERVANTS WANTED, 1d. per word (minimum 2s. 6d.).

SERVANTS DISENGAGED, 1s. per announcement of 16 words (2 lines) and 6d. per line  
Mr. T. J. 16.


Please publish the above advertisement.....times, for which I enclose s. d.

Name and Address.....

The Name and Address are to be paid for. If desired, replies may be addressed to Box Numbers at The Times, London, E.C. this address counting as four words. This form should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The Times, Printing House Square, London, E.C.

# A MAN OF HIS WORD

By RUBY  
M. AYRES

New Readers Begin Here.

## CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**Jean Millard**, an unusually good-looking girl of distinction, but very willful.

**ROBIN O'NEIL**, Jean's guardian, aged about thirty-seven. He is the quiet, strong type of man.

**GAVIN DAWSON**, an easy-going young fellow with a small private income. He is easily led.

**THERE** is a dead silence in the breakfast room between Jean Millard and her aunt, Miss Lydia Fortescue. Jean has just heard that her aunt has written to her guardian, Robin O'Neil, and that he is coming over to look after her.

"Jean, you are the most hateful," she says. "I won't stand it! I'll make him sorry that he ever decided to come home and look after me."

Then she suddenly thinks of Gavin Dawson. Her heart gives a queer little thump. "He has been the one comfort in my life."

Jean sees him and tells him what has happened. Gavin realises that he is losing her, and asks her to marry him.

Jean explains that in six months' time she will have control of her own money, but they arrange to marry secretly at once. It is also arranged that Gavin shall go to London and get the special licence, and that Jean shall follow the next day.

Their secret is kept, and Gavin departs.

Jean travels up to London. At Euston there is a thick fog. She makes her way through the lot of vulgar crowds to the meeting-place under the clock. But this is not Gavin.

After waiting a long time she catches at the arm of a tall figure walking by. "Gavin," she calls out. The man turns—it is not Gavin. It is an utter stranger.

The man, seeing how upset she is, offers what assistance he can.

When Jean has time to look at the stranger people notice that there is something in his face and manner which gives her confidence. Gradually she tells him all that has happened.

"The stranger takes the situation very seriously. 'I can see you like the man,' he says. 'I must help you. Let me give you my card.'

Jean takes it. Then she gives a little stifled cry, for the name on it is—Robin O'Neil.

She is slightly indignant, but she hears that Robin knew who she was from the label on her bag. But being quite helpless, she finally agrees to go to the house of Robin's cousin, Mrs. Lilian Fisher, whom Jean had originally met.

In the meantime, Gavin meets an old sweetheart, and finds out that she is the Mrs. Lilian Fisher to whom Jean was supposed to be going. From her he learns that Robin O'Neil is keeping her.

He writes at once to Jean, telling her not to come up, as the wedding must be postponed for a little while. This letter Jean does not get.

Jean and Robin are now engaged. When Jean writes a forgiving letter to Gavin Robin intercepts it. She is furious, and in revenge goes to a bacarat party, where she wins £15. Robin hears of it.

Gavin has a strained interview with Robin, who refuses to let him be engrossed again. So Gavin is left a lot of money.

Jean is forced to write to Robin for some more money. He refuses in order to stop her gambling. Jean immediately plays bacarat again, and loses £42 to a youth named Symons.

She tries to try her luck again in order to get the money back, but goes off at Mrs. Pansy Rutherford's. Instead of winning she loses a lot more.

O'Neil again refuses to help her, and Jean borrows a few pounds from Gavin. Again she plays. At the end of the evening, Symons, after behaving like a cad, tells her that she now owes him £210. In desperation, Jean asks Robin for more money. He refuses again, and her taunts, he bursts out that she is really penniless.

Jean is terribly shocked, and her thoughts turn to Gavin to save her. She consents to his buying an engagement ring, and he pays Symons the money. When Robin sees the ring he is staggered.

## IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT."

FOR an instant Robin O'Neil stood motionless. F. Jean's fingers lying limply on the palm of his hand, the flashing diamonds of the ring Gavin Dawson had given her winking in the firelight like amused eyes.

There was an air of tragedy in the silent room; Jean was conscious of it in some indefinable way, but she looked at Robin's white face; then let her hand fall.

"Well," she said bluntly, "I suppose I might have guessed it!" And the silence fell again.

Out in the night the boys had started the carol again at another door; they were singing something about a merry Christmas. Jean found herself listening apathetically; what a farce it was! She had seen the "merry Christmas" which was going to be the most hateful of all the many she had known.

She moved her hand a little so that the ring was hidden in the folds of her frock; she looked across at O'Neil with accusing eyes.

"It's your own fault," she said.

He turned slowly; the colour had come back to his face a little, but something in the expression of his eyes made her feel as if she were looking at a stranger.

"My fault," he echoed, not understanding. He laughed rather bitterly. "I'm afraid I can't see how you can blame me for this. You were engaged to Dawson long before you ever came here—before that night at Euston." He shrugged his shoulders. "It would only be an empty platitude to say that I hope you will be happy, because I know you will not."

"You mean that you hope I shall not," she cried.

He did not answer. It almost seemed that he had not heard. He stood for a moment looking down at the fire, and there was something very forlorn in the drop of his shoulders.

A little quivering instinct touched Jean's heart to go up to him and slip her hand through his arm, and say:—

"Oh, don't—don't look like that. . . . I'm sorry—sorry—"

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



Jean Millard.

Of course she would never have dreamed of doing it; she told herself dutifully, but . . . for the moment, at least, he did not look very much like the "grim griffin" from India whom she had done her best to annoy and defy. For the moment some far away, indistinct memory stirred in her heart of a man whom she had known years and years ago as "Robin, dear."

Then O'Neil roused himself with half-sigh and went out to take a walk.

Jean watched him with fascinated eyes. She did not want him to go. Something of the same feeling she had felt that last night at the Synsons', when Robin had walked out of the room with Pansy Rutherford, came back to her. If he went, he took with him the feeling of security which his presence always gave her. If he went now . . . she found her voice as he reached the door.

"Robin!" She had only called him by his Christian name once before. It seemed to slip out now, quite naturally.

"Yes . . ."  
But now she was afraid—tongue-tied. . . . She stood there unable to answer, unable to explain why she had called to him.

O'Neil shut the door which he had opened, and came back to her. He stood looking down at her. "I'll distract the muckering fiends!"

"Yes," he said. "You wait till it's?"

For a moment it seemed to Jean as if everything else in the world were forgotten and wiped out, except this man, and the eyes that were looking down into her's.

Then—out in the hall she heard Pansy Rutherford's shrill, affected laugh. It seemed to break the spell and bring her back to earth with a little awakening. She tried to fall back a step, catching her breath nervously.

"Nothing—nothing," she said hurriedly, and the next moment the door had opened and Pansy and Gavin Dawson came in together.

Jean never had a clear recollection of what happened after that; she supposed Gavin told everyone of his engagement; she knew that most of the women kissed her and called her a lucky girl. She was a stock in trade of the place now, except the fact that Robin seemed deliberately to avoid her; that he told everyone it was no surprise to him, and that he had been expecting it for weeks.

He took Pansy in to dinner; he devoted himself to her. Even when someone proposed the health of the newly-engaged couple, Jean saw that he lifted his glass and looked towards her. She clasped her hands hard in her lap. She hated him—she hated them both. She could hardly bring herself to answer when Gavin spoke to her.

Gavin himself was radiant.

"Such devotion!" one of the elderly women present whispered to Lilian. "And what a handsome couple!"

Lilian nodded and smiled; she was rather pale, but her eyes shrewdly avoided looking at either Jean or Gavin, though she was painfully conscious of everything that went on.

"Lucky girl!" Pansy whispered to Jean later. "Good looks and money, too! What wonderful luck!" Jean did not smile.

"Why did you tell Mr. O'Neil that I owed you money?" she asked in her direct fashion.

Pansy flushed.

"He asked me—and I never was any good at telling lies!"

"You told one—all the same. I don't owe you any money. Mr. Symons paid it, and added your debt to the one I already owed him."

"How do you know? Did he tell you?"

"Yes."

Pansy laughed. "Well—I warned you against him," she said laconically. "You can't say I didn't. He's a viper, my dear, and I suppose by now you've found it out—which accounts for this!" She touched Jean's left hand with its flashing ring.

Jean drew away with a little shiver.

"I don't understand you . . ."

"I think you do," said Mrs. Rutherford coolly. "My dear, I wasn't born yesterday, or the day before; and I know a marriage of convenience when I see one—having been married to the game myself," she added dryly. She glanced across to where Gavin was standing talking to Lilian and back again to Jean's flushing face. "Why, you don't care for him as much as . . . Lilian, shall we say?" she asked mockingly.

"I think you are very rude," said Jean; she got up and walked away.

At the theatre sat between Gavin and Mrs. Fisher, along Pansy laughed and whispered with Robin O'Neil. Jean never once looked towards them, but she knew all the same that Pansy hardly glanced at the stage.

"Do you like the play?" Mrs. Rutherford asked once, leaning forward to look at her.

"Very much," said Jean. "I hope you do."

Pansy chuckled.

"Jean doesn't love me," she confided presently to Robin. "She told me that I was a liar just now before we came out."

"Nonsense."

"She did—not quite so forcibly as that, perhaps, but . . . it was what she meant all the same."

"Have you quarrelled, then?"

"No, indeed, exactly—but she went for me for telling you that she was in my money."

"Oh . . ."  
Her voice was rather dry.

"It's repaid now anyway," said Pansy carelessly. "So you can wipe it out of your mind, my dear man."

## A FLASH OF MEMORY.

O'NEIL glanced at Jean; he could only see her profile—a little pale and grave; he wondered if she was enjoying herself; he looked at Gavin Dawson; he was, at all events! The most casual observer would not have needed to be told that he was in the seventh heaven; and yet—

"She'll be utterly wretched if she marries him," she thought in O'Neil's heart. Pansy touched his arm again.

"I've spoken to you twice and you haven't answered," she said reproachfully.

He raised himself with an effort.

"A thousand pardons; I was dreaming . . . What did you say?"

But she pretended to be annoyed and would not tell him.

Surprisingly he had subjugated many another man, but it left Robin unmoved; he sat staring before him at the stage and thinking about Jean.

Lately he had been tortured by the thought that perhaps he had been too harsh with her; but, if he had been more patient, things might have turned out differently; but it was too late now—he had lost his chance. Going home, he and Mrs. Rutherford shared a taxi with Jean and Pansy. They stopped at a hotel, and, after passing under the light of a street lamp, he saw Gavin lean over and lay his hand on Jean's . . . saw, too, the way the girl shrank away as if to get beyond his reach.

The blood rushed to O'Neil's face.

"She'll be miserable if she marries him," he thought again.

When they got home there was a letter for him on the dining-table. He took it up and broke it open. It was from Miss Fortescue.

"Dear Mr. O'Neil—I am just writing to thank you very much for the money which I know you gave to Jean to send to me. Understanding all the facts of the case, I feel particularly grateful to you for your kindness. You see, I have never told Miss Lydia! He looked across the room at Jean, sat by the fire, and the blower began to smoke. Gavin was standing close to her, looking down at her with eyes of proud proprietorship.

So the money had been for Miss Lydia, after all, and he had not believed her—he had refused to give it to her.

As soon as an opportunity arose he went over to her side.

"Thank you once more for your great kindness—Yours most sincerely, Lydia Fortescue."

So the money had been for Miss Lydia! He looked across the room at Jean, sat by the fire, and the blower began to smoke. Gavin was standing close to her, looking down at her with eyes of proud proprietorship.

So the money had been for Miss Lydia, after all, and he had not believed her—he had refused to give it to her.

As soon as an opportunity arose he went over to her side.

"Yes . . . But she did not raise her eyes.

"I want to apologise to you . . ."

She raised her eyes now, a little startled.

For the moment he and she were alone.

"I want to apologise about . . . you remember the day you asked me for money to send to your aunt . . . and I did not believe you. I am sorry . . . I have just heard from Miss Lydia again . . ."

"Oh," said Jean indifferently. "You need not apologise; I had quite forgotten it!" But she had not; it was one of the little disputes between them which had rankled deeply.

"But I have not forgotten it," said O'Neil.

"And I ask your pardon—very humbly."

Jean laughed.

"We shall be quite civil to one another soon if we can't live like this, shan't we?" she said recklessly.

"I suppose—if I ask you where you got the money to send to Miss Fortescue, you will not tell me?" O'Neil asked.

She looked at him carelessly.

"I can hardly interest you, I think." She smiled faintly as if at some thought that amused her.

"At any rate—I've paid it back—more than paid it back," she added under her breath.

"What do you mean . . . you didn't ask Symons?"

Her eyes flashed.

"I asked you first, at any rate, and you refused."

"I know . . ."

Something in his voice touched her.

"At any rate, it's all over and done with," she said, more kindly, "and you'll soon be rid of me altogether now."

"I don't wish to be rid of you; I have never wished it."

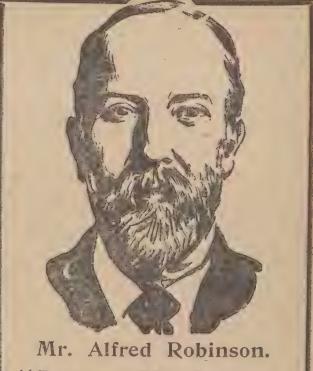
Her lips quivered for a moment; then she laughed and moved away.

"If you're so polite I shall begin to wonder if you want to borrow something from me," she said smilingly.

He in her heart was glad that he knew the truth about that money for Miss Lydia; she felt a shade happier when she went up to bed.

She took off the big diamond ring and laid it down on the dressing-table; she was glad to be

(Continued on page 12.)



Mr. Alfred Robinson.

## "I OWE MY LIFE TO DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS."

Mr. Alfred Robinson, 87, Tavistock-street, Bedford, is the inventor and manufacturer of child-carriers for cycling. Interviewed on August 12th, 1908, Mr. Robinson said:—"For eight months I was so ill with kidney disease and stone that I was unable to do my business."

"Backache and bladder trouble became painfully severe. Urination was difficult. Gravel and stone distressed me, and altogether I lived in a state of torture."

"An operation was urged, but before submitting, I determined to try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Surely enough my back became easier and the bladder began to act normally. I continued the treatment until one night I felt a wonderful relief, for Doan's Pills had driven out five urine acid stones."

"I regained health quickly, and am capable of doing a hard day's work with any man. I owe my life to Doan's Pills."

(Signed) "A Robinson."

## Seven Years Later

On September 9th, 1915, Mr. Robinson said: "I never felt better in my life than now. Doan's Pills did me such service that I strongly recommend their use by all in need of kidney treatment."

"Every Picture tells a Story."



Thank Your Kidneys.

THANK your kidneys for good health. They are the safety-valves that filter the blood and pass off the poison. Stimulants add a little extra to the regular filtering work of the kidneys. So does over-eating. So does over-work, late nights, worry and lack of exercise. When the kidneys weaken, give them prompt relief.

Backache and bladder distress, dizzy spells, nervousness, or loss of flesh tell you that kidney poisons are gathering, and that you must safeguard yourself against rheumatism, gravel, dropsy, or perhaps incurable diseases.

Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are intended for kidney diseases, rheumatism, and nothing else. If this medicine is started with before the kidneys are seriously diseased good results should follow, but it is not wise to neglect your kidneys long.

It is not enough to ask for Kidney Pills or Backache Pills. Ask for "DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS" and get DOAN'S, like Mr. Robinson had.

**DOAN'S**  
Backache Kidney Pills  
For Kidney & Bladder Ailments only.

All dealers, or 29 a box, from Foster-McClellan Co., & Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W.



Writing to father, who is at the front. The picture was taken in a home in the interior of Russia.

### 'CHASING AT LINGFIELD.'

Programme and Selections for Second Meeting  
Under War Conditions.

After the success of the first "no railway" meeting at Gatwick, there should be no apprehension as to the fate of the two-day fixture which opens at Lingfield Park this afternoon under the same conditions.

Splendid entries have been received, with a past Grand National winner engaged each day, and excellent arrangements have been made to receive visitors by road to the course. Selections are appended:

12.10.—EARLY HOPE..... 1.55.—ABAKUR.  
12.40.—COWDEN SELLING..... 2.25.—DORDORVIE.  
1.10.—WHIPPOORWILL..... 2.25.—DORDORVIE.

#### DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

\*EARLY HOPE and ABAKUR.  
BOUVIERE.

#### TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

12.10.—CROWHURST MAIDEN HURDLE, 50 sovs; 2m.

	Yrs st	lb		Yrs st	lb
Mofat	a 12	3	a Green Falcon	....	lb
Curvet	a 12	3	Uncle Jim	....	10
Berlinder	a 12	3	Dan Russell	....	10
Goliath	a 12	3	Young Father	....	10
Early Hope	a 12	0	a Fulgura	....	10
New York	a 12	0	Sir Accolade	....	0
Helle's Man	a 12	0	Irish Earl	....	0
Queen's Man	a 12	0	Spearproof	....	0
Vicar	5 11	0	Wingfield	....	0
Cowden	5 11	0	Fitzruth	....	0
Screamer	5 11	0	a Bolivia	....	0

12.40.—COWDEN SELLING CHASE, 50 sovs; 2m.

	Yrs st	lb		Yrs st	lb
Bedgrove	st	16	Uncle Jim	....	10
Sadies	a 12	3	Mervoe	....	10
Benton House	a 12	3	a Middle March	....	10
Leicester	a 12	3	a Young Bruce	....	10
Ante	a 12	3	a H. H.	....	10
Bridge	a 12	3	Old Blue	....	10
Stonbridge	a 12	3	Courtly	....	10

1.10.—COBHAM 4-Y-O HURDLE, 60 sovs; 2m.

	Yrs st	lb		Yrs st	lb
Electro	st	16	Lengot	....	10
Blue Chalk	st	16	Lillian's Pride	....	10
a Huerta	10	10	Glenville	....	10
a Duke	10	10	a Young Bruce	....	10
Picaro	10	10	a H. H.	....	10
Fakir III.	10	10	Old Blue	....	10
Carina	10	10	Courtly	....	10
Crossed Bag	10	10	Courtly	....	10
Whippoorwill	10	10	Bedgrove	....	10

1.55.—SOUTHERN COUNTRY H'CAP CHASE, 100 sovs;

	Yrs st	lb		Yrs st	lb
Laurentoblo	a 12	7	a Costigan's Pride.	a 11	7
General Fox	a 12	7	Aberdeen	....	10
Lord Rivers	a 12	7	a Schoolboy	....	10
Sunrich	a 12	3	Restitution	....	10
Heaven's Boy	a 12	3	Minster Vale	....	10
Blackade Runner	a 12	3	es	....	10
Dark Collar	a 11	10	Bedgrove	....	10

2.25.—WINTER H'CAP HURDLE, 90 sovs; 2m.

	Yrs st	lb		Yrs st	lb
Kodak	a 12	7	Oscar Bleu	....	10
Perimac	a 12	7	Montmartre	....	10
Monty	a 12	7	I. May	....	10
Tremouille	a 12	7	Alastair	....	10
a Dublin Bay	a 11	10	Grayling IV.	....	10
Sunny Side Lady	5 11	0	Nightcap	....	10
Warkins	5 11	0	Desire	....	10
Fair Trader	5 11	0	Eastwick	....	10
Diamond King	5 11	0	Marita	....	10
Son of Men	a 11	3	es	....	10

2.45.—CONVERT SIDE CHASE, 50 sovs; 2m.

	Yrs st	lb		Yrs st	lb
Mind the Paint	a 12	3	Marcham	....	6 11
Dordogne	a 12	3	Doctor Ryan	....	6 11
Cardross	a 12	3	Simon Mac	....	6 11
St. Julian	....	7	Abdul	....	8 11

### A MAN OF HIS WORD

(Continued from page 11.)

free of it; her hand felt more her own again without it.

She wondered if anything would be said if she did not wear it to-morrow.

"You've got to get used to it," she told her reflectively; "and a month ago you'd have been delighted with it; but nothing on earth could have induced you to take it off."

But a month seemed a very long time ago when one looked back on it.

She wondered if Symons had got the cheque she had sent him, and what he thought of it. Gavin had been very good to her; she was forced to admit this. Not many men would have paid up so liberally after a month's non-payment. And, after all, in the face of what had happened, it was a thousand times better to owe money to a man whom she was to marry—well, she supposed she would have to marry him some day—than to a cad like Symons. It made her cheeks burn to think about him; she hoped she would never need to see him again.

And now, as she lay in bed on Christmas Day! She thought of the bear that growled, which she and Gavin were to give Jemmy; Gavin himself had written on the label tied round the bear's neck:

"From Auntie Jean and Uncle Gavin."

It sounded as if they were married already, she thought with a little shiver.

And Gavin did not really like Jemmy; she had heard people say scores of times that "kids" were a nuisance.

He was very different to Robin; she thought of that day when she had surprised O'Neill lying full length on the nursery floor playing at trains, and she smiled in spite of herself.

Soon, in the spring, he would be going back to India . . . she could remember years ago, as a schoolgirl, trying to ask him if she could not leave school and go to him; she could remember, too, what his answer had been.

"Be a good girl and learn all you can before you grow up, and then I'll come home and fetch you myself!"

He had come home—but not to fetch her. When he went back he would go alone, and she . . .

"I shall be married," said Jean aloud. "I shall have Mrs. Gavin Dawson . . ." She repeated the name twice as if to drive home to herself all that it would mean. Then she thought of O'Neill, and of the moment that evening in the fire-lit drawing-room when, just for an instant, some faint memory of that bygone time in India had flashed back to her.

"Robin—dear!" she said with soft reminiscence, and then again: "Oh, Robin, dear!" But now there was a little quivering sound in her voice as if the tears were not far away.

There will be another fine instalment to-morrow.

# WE CHALLENGE

comparison for both

QUALITY and PRICE!

# MAY POLE TEA

The  
Very  
Best :  
2/-  
Why  
Pay  
More ?

# MAYPOLE DAIRY CO., LTD.

The LARGEST RETAILERS of  
Choicest Quality BUTTER, TEA and  
BRITISH-MADE MARGARINE.

Over 880 BRANCHES now open.

# Redfern

Last few days of  
WINTER SALE OF MODEL  
GOWNS, FURS & MILLINERY

Further astounding reductions  
will be made to clear.

26, CONDUIT STREET, W.

At the Ring yesterday afternoon Sergeant Irvine (A.S.C.B.), who took the place of Steinberg, who was rather badly injured in a contest on Monday, beat the Frenchman Leon Bedouin on points after a particularly interesting bout. Frank Williams, the English boxer, who had won the first fight, was beaten in the second round by Mike Wyatt, the right-handed boxer, knocked out Jack Goldswain in the second round.

The Kempton Park Jubilee, the only one of the spring handicaps advertised to close on Tuesday last, did not fill, and is rescheduled to close on February 8. On the other hand, the results of the meetings at the Newmarket meetings have received record entries.



## COMPULSION NOT TO BE PERMANENT.

Mr. Balfour Says Nation Has Never Shown Such Unity.

### POSITION OF IRELAND.

(Continued from page 3.)  
ciple of compulsion on broad grounds?" he asked.

Such views may be valid in normal times, but they could not be pressed to-day.

"It is no good discussing what should be the decoration of one's house when the house is on fire," he cried in a striking passage.

If hon. members agree, first, that our duty requires every man we can spare;

Secondly, that we should spare a million men;

Thirdly, that under the Derby scheme only 300,000 men would be forthcoming if the Prime Minister's pledge were not redeemed; and

Fourthly, that the pledge is necessary to obtain the desired numbers; then we must come to the conclusion that a Bill of the character we are now discussing is unavoidable.

### NAVY M.P.'S. APPEAL FOR CONSCRIPTION.

**Colonel John Ward**, the Navy M.P., a broad-shouldered, towering figure in khaki, stood up before the gangway and with outstretched arms made a powerful appeal to the House.

"I have done my best," he cried, "to oppose conscription. But the time has come when everything possible to be done under the voluntary system has been done."

He raised a hand aloft. "I would rather die a thousand deaths than let a conqueror rule over Britain," he declaimed, bringing down his fist with dramatic emphasis. The House cheered loudly.

"We are the standard-bearers of liberty in all parts of the world, and enjoying as we do that splendid position of responsibility we should be cowards—cowards!" he thundered—"if for fear of some charge of inconsistency in regard to some dimensions which we have at times of peace allowed ourselves to be thwarted or diverted from our clear path of duty."

"No," said the eloquent ex-navy; "I am going to give the Bill my ungrudging support, for I am prepared to see the last farthing of wealth and the last man thrown into the scale." *P. 1566*



Col. John Ward.

He touched upon the momentous Labour Congress. There were parties and persons represented there who had nothing to do with the trade union movement of the country.

Certainly, nearly one half of his trade union members were in the trenches or preparing to go into the trenches, and unless some means could be devised to take the decision of those members the decision of that conference would not represent the



Working a French field radio. This is the method used for communicating with aeroplanes by wireless.

views of the vast majority of trade unionists in the country.

Mr. Hemmings, K.C., wanted the Bill extended to married men. "For the first time, under this Bill," he added, "many men had learned how to be happy though married" (they were exempted).

We were bound to put the last drop of blood and our last treasure into the struggle for victory.

Mr. Hemmings said that it was intolerable when the national spirit cried for justice that even fifty thousand of our young manhood should stand aside to see their fellows and their kin from the Colonies fighting their battles. The call to this country was urgent.

Mr. Leif Jones declared that he was unable to support the Bill. He thought the Government were embarking on a dangerous course, which should not have been attempted at the present

time. Mr. Chancellor said he could not support the Bill because he did not believe it would hasten the end of the war by a single day.

Mr. James Campbell appealed for the extension of the Bill to Ireland.

Had Irishmen no stake in the war? Had they not as great a duty as Englishmen to fight for their lives and the lives of their fellow-countrymen?

### MR. BARNES FOR THE BILL.

Mr. G. N. Barnes, the Labour leader, said he supported the Bill because we had got to win the war.

All talk about conscription as an abstract principle was a travesty of the position.

They had 650,000 eligible single men who had refused to obey their country's call. (Cries of "No!")

Well, take it at half or one-third that number, said. "There are 500,000 married men hanging on to that 200,000 odd. (Cheers.) These men are needed."

Mr. Barnes said he had come back from France that day, and he had seen men in a rest camp who had been in the trenches four days and four nights.

He hoped the Bill would go through.

Mr. Balfour, who wound up the debate, said that to those who had heard the debate it must be apparent that never before had a nation

shown such a unity of front on the essential issue.

Regarding Ireland, he thought that was a point which should be reserved for the committee stage.

This Bill was not intended to place the military institutions of the country on a permanent basis.

It was a Bill for this war and only for this war.

They should therefore be as careful as possible not to raise questions of internal controversy.

It was impossible to regard Ireland as similar to England and Scotland in this matter. There were practical considerations which prevented the inclusion of Ireland.

Regarding the general debate, he wished to sweep aside all discussion on what was called "principle."

### "AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY."

He found it difficult to believe that anything that might truly be called principle would be involved.

If this country were in danger of invasion would these people stick to principle?

He had always been against compulsory service, not because he believed in the principle of voluntarism, but because he happened to live on an island. (Laughter.)

Mr. Barnes supported the passage of the Bill because the Prime Minister, speaking for the Government, had given a pledge which it would have been dishonourable to ignore.

The Government were of the opinion that this Bill was an absolute necessity for the proper carrying on of the war. Every member of the refuted Government held that view.

Why should those opposed to the Bill do anything to encourage those who were hanging back without legitimate excuse?

This Bill and the reasons for its inception were the strongest arguments against any further conscriptionist system.

It would be argued that at this time the voluntary system had produced over six million recruits, and it had only been necessary to promote this Bill to bring in the residue. What stronger argument than the very existence of this Bill could there be for the voluntary system? (Cheers.)

## BOYS REPLACED BY FLAPPERS.

Success of Girls in Many New Occupations.

### POLITE AND DILIGENT.

The scarcity of boys needing work and the independence of those who are available for employment is leading to the increasing employment of girls in occupations usually reserved for their brothers.

The employment of girls as messengers is, of course, no novelty now.

But office girls are for some time past employed a corps of smartly-uniformed messenger girls and the District Messenger Company has engaged more than 150 girls over school age.

"We are well satisfied with these girls," the manager of the District Messenger Company told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"They are intelligent, very polite, and compare favourably with the boys messengers."

The office girl is replacing the office-boy, too.

"She is not nearly so independent as the boy of fifteen, and is willing to work for 10s. or 12s. a week, whereas now a boy would not hesitate to ask for 20s. a week," said the manager of a large City office.

"It is a fact," he added, "that more often than not the office-girl is far more intelligent than any boy of the same age."

Smiling "Flappers" from fourteen to sixteen years old, replacing boys who are leaving "for better posts in ammunition factories" and are proving a great success.

Indeed, business at many stalls is said to have increased by leaps and bounds since the introduction of the conquering bookstall girl.

There are girl ticket collectors, girl booking clerks and all the large West End shops now employ girl girls.

The newsboy has also made her appearance in Trafalgar square and in main thoroughfares of many suburban districts.

The newest comer is the vangirl. *The Daily Mirror* saw her yesterday in Oxford-street—a girl of sixteen sitting high beside the driver of a baker's van.

### PREMIER AT WAR COUNCIL

A meeting of the War Committee was held yesterday at 10, Downing-street.

In addition to the Prime Minister there were present Mr. Austen Chamberlain, General Sir William Robertson, Colonel Swinton and Colonel Hankey.

### ARRESTED CONSULS FREE.

**ROME, Jan. 6.**—The Athens correspondent of the *Gazzetta d'Italia* telegraphs that the Ministers of the Quadruple Entente have informed the Greek Government that the Consuls arrested in Salonika have been set at liberty.

The Greek Government declared itself satisfied with the information.—Reuter.

### 5,600-TON SHIP SUNK.

Twenty-four men belonging to the Norwegian steamer *Fredetof Nansen* (5,600 tons), which was sunk in the Channel on Wednesday, were landed at Deal last evening.

## The Family Footwear

should always be cleaned with

### CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.

It gives an immediate, brilliant shine, makes the boots supple and comfortable, preserves the leather, and renders it thoroughly Waterproof.



### CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

applied to the soles as well as the uppers, makes the whole boot Waterproof.

## CHERRY BLOSSOM Boot POLISH

Of all Dealers, in three colours—Black or Brown Tins, 1d., 2d., 4d. and 6d. Also TONETTE, the new dark stain for new tan boots and leather military equipments, Tins 2d. and 4d.



Second Thoughts for 1916: Mr. Bottomley in "Sunday Pictorial"

"THE Only Way to Victory":  
By Austin Harrison, in  
the "Sunday Pictorial." : :

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

THE Sacrifice of Sea Power:  
By Arnold White, in the  
"Sunday Pictorial." : : :

## ON THE ROAD TO EXILE WHICH IS ALSO THE ROAD TO GLORY

King Peter Rides on an Ox-drawn Ammunition Wagon During the Retreat of His Heroic Army



Though it was the road to exile, it will surely prove the road to glory, for the aged monarch's courage during the Serbian retreat has won the admiration of the world. Here he is seen near Prizrend among some of his future soldiers, boys of fifteen to seventeen, who are as yet without arms. They have come to see their brave ruler,

whom they hope to welcome back, when, in the words of Baron Sonnino, "the heroic Serbian people are restored in the plenitude of their independence, the irreducible outcome of the present great war."—(Copyright 1916 by *L'Illustration*, Paris; reproduced by arrangement with the *Illustrated London News*.)